

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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JOSIE AND HER CAT.

For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 84.)

CHAPTER VIII. — *Bright Hopes.*



MRS. TUBA was now relieved from absolute want. In comparison with her former life she was rich, but neither her illness nor Raphael's blindness would be relieved by gifts and charity. Magdalene

was as healthy as a fish in pure water: work, exercise, early rising, regular and simple meals, — all combined to quicken and strengthen her young blood; and she struggled increasingly to lighten her mother's suffering and cheer her brother's blindness.

"O Raphael," she said suddenly one day, "I'd give any thing if you could only see! If I could find a cure for you, I'd wander all over the world for you, through every country; and I'd never rest day nor night."

"Oh," said Raphael sweetly, "I could never let you do that, and mother wouldn't either. Stay with us, dear Magdalene, even if I can't see; but then I can't understand that seeing is such a great blessing. How is it really that one sees?"

"It is such a curious thing, this seeing," said Magdalene; "I have been seeing over twelve years, and I cannot tell you yet how it is."

"I will describe it as well as I can," said a stranger's voice, and turning they saw their friend the Court Secretary with an unknown gentleman.

"Stay, my dear Raphael," said the Secre-

tary; "this is the surgeon of our Prince, and he will gladly help you and your mother. He has come to see you."

"So, my little fellow," said the surgeon again, "you would like to know how we are able to see. Even the most learned don't know much about it, although we know much more of the physical process than we used to do. Light is the first thing necessary in order to allow one to see, and this cannot enter your eyes, I suspect, my little fellow, because a foreign substance has grown over the window of your eye."

"So it is, indeed," interrupted his mother, "for during my husband's lifetime he asked the advice of a celebrated oculist. He looked at Raphael's eyes, and made the same remark that you have just made; and he said that an operation could not be performed successfully, until that little skin had completely grown over the eye."

The surgeon now examined Raphael's eyes carefully and found this little skin fully grown over, but he said, "There must be a preparatory cure before any thing can or ought to be done directly to the eyes. If you will take my advice, you need, both for yourself and your son, to go to the Baths of Teplitz as soon as the Spring opens. These waters will do you both wonderful good; there are none better for rheumatism."

Mrs. Tuba promised to do this, and thanked her kind benefactor who had manifested such interest in her family, and had just brought them such bright hopes of health and sight.

CHAPTER IX. — *The Journey.*

A covered wagon with straw and beds brought Mrs. Tuba and her children to Teplitz.

As they passed over the lofty rough summits of the Saxon mountains and looked down into the blooming valleys below, an

earthly paradise seemed to spread out before them. High blue mountains, around whose tops the clouds hung, surrounded on all sides the lovely little bathing village of Teplitz. Cows and goats wandered up and down the steep slopes, and here and there, up the sides of the hills, appeared the smoke from some lonely chalet.

Soon they reached the pretty nestling village where they rented a tiny house, and began to arrange themselves in their new home. The same day they walked out and saw the great natural wonder that a good father had placed there for the healing of his suffering children. Steaming from the earth flowed the numerous boiling springs. Without ceasing, from unknown time, in summer and winter, these springs had welled up with equal warmth, from the secret subterranean kitchen of nature. Here came each summer thousands of invalids, — men and women, ruined in health and strength, leaning on their crutches, or borne by servants or friends, — to bathe in these warm mineral waters. O wonder! In a few weeks the lame foot was strengthened, the stiff hand became limber: soon the crutch was thrown aside, and the servant's supporting arm was no longer required.

So it was with Mrs. Tuba. Each bath caused a violent perspiration after which she experienced each day a wonderfully increasing sense of strength and comfort. Raphael bathed too, although it could not directly help his eyes; and after the bath they were both obliged by the director of the Baths to rest an hour or two in bed.

At such times of freedom, Magdalene wandered through the garden of the castle exploring every path and nook. One day she found a little pagoda-shaped house which was built over a spring, and over the door was written these words, "Eye Bath." As if she had found a treasure, she clasped her

hands and her heart beat for joy. She ran home, and as soon as Raphael was up she hurried him to the Spring, and dashed the water again and again up over his eyes. She believed nothing less than that he would see instantly, and she was bitterly disappointed, when he always answered, "No" to her loving interrogations. She brought him every day, and it could not be otherwise, than that such daily visits by a blind boy, so beautiful, attended by so gentle and lovely a sister should be noticed by the numerous visitors to the garden.

One day as Magdalene took the wet cloth from Raphael's eyes and asked her usual question, if he could see, a stranger gentleman stood near and observed the picture with deep attention.

"Doesn't the little fellow see well?" he asked.

The tears sprang to Magdalene's eyes and shaking her head and sighing, said she, "My brother is blind."

"Then this bath cannot help him," said the stranger; "but come here and let me see your eyes."

"Do you really wish to see very much?" he added, after he had examined his eyes attentively.

"O yes, yes," said Raphael eagerly.

"I hope, I think indeed," said the stranger, "that you will. Give me your names and address, and you shall not fail to see me again and soon."

With a fast beating heart Magdalene led her brother home, where she narrated all to her mother.

The stranger kept his promise. He proved to be a celebrated oculist who had just arrived at the Springs with his Prince. The little family charmed him, and in his first visit Raphael awoke the deepest interest in his heart. He undertook the cure of his eyes, and as all seemed right to him about

the health and strength of his little patient, he fixed the following Sunday for the operation. The family counted the passing days with mingled feelings of joy and anxiety.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

Written for the Floral Concert of the Unitarian Sunday School, at Stow, Mass.

BY REV. F. W. WEBBER.

[This exercise requires seven girls, whose ages range from seven to sixteen. Three of the speakers, seven, twelve, and sixteen years old respectively, represent Childhood, Youth, and Maturity. The other speakers, who should all be of about the same age, between fourteen and sixteen, represent Humanity, Faith, Hope, and Love.

On the platform is to be placed a ladder, five feet high, twenty inches wide, and having three rounds, in each of which are to be bored three holes sufficiently large to receive the stem of a small bouquet. This ladder can be made very easily with narrow strips of pine board, and must be fastened in a somewhat reclining position to a base heavy enough to make it stand firmly. The whole should be covered with evergreens, care being taken that none is allowed to hang in the spaces between the rounds.

In the singing between the recitations the whole school should join, using the "Sunday-School Hymn, Tune, and Service Book."

The speakers, with the exception of Humanity who remains on the platform throughout the exercise, occupy the platform only while rendering their parts.]

HUMANITY :

Between life's dawning and its ripe perfection

There is a ladder by three rounds ascended,

Whereon we climb, unresting, day by day;

And, looking unto God for safe direction,

And by his never-waning love befriended,

Find buds and blossoms all along our way.

Fair Childhood, in sweet innocence, advances;

And, thornless wreaths of tender buds entwining,

Finds heaven on earth, and God for ever near;

His kingdom's light beams in her sunny glances,

And his pure love in her bright face is shining.

Speak, Child, if so thou wilt, and we will hear.

CHILDHOOD (who has stepped upon the platform, holding in her hands three bouquets, composed entirely of buds, cultivated and wild :)

The sweetest name to call a baby by

Is "Little Rosebud," for I always think

Of rosebuds when a little babe is nigh,

So sweet and bright, with skin so soft and pink;

And then I think that maybe

Each bud is some fair flower's little baby.

And so upon this ladder's lowest round,

From baby, and from me, these gifts I lay,

All buds, with unseen beauties in them bound

That waited hidden for a coming day.

From garden and from wildwood

These buds are brought as emblems of our childhood.

(She places her bouquets in the holes prepared in the first round of the ladder, and continues :)

Upon Life's ladder's lowest round are we,

And that is why we lay our offering here,

With prayers that God will help us each to be

His children always, glad to feel him near,

And gaining brighter beauty

Each day, by treading in the path of duty.

SINGING : Hymn 207.

HUMANITY :

And now I see approach the child a being

A child no longer, save in that sweet spirit

Which makes a child so full of gentle trust.

She seems to gaze on things beyond our seeing,

A realm and crown that pure ones shall inherit

When we return our bodies to the dust.

FAITH (holding a floral cross, about ten inches in length, having reached the platform, takes Childhood by the hand and says :)

Dear child, hold fast my hand,

And let me lead thee!

In every step toward the higher land,

Thou'lt surely need me!

Faith am I called. I'll guide

Thee wrongly never.

In thee, e'en now, my love and trust abide, —

Retain them ever!

In this be still a child
While life is given,
Who clings to Faith may never be beguiled
Of present heaven.

This emblem of thy faith
Place with thy flowers,
And pray that evermore, in life, in death,
God's hand join ours.

(Resigning the child's hand, Faith takes the cross in her own right hand, and gives it to the child who, while the 1st and 3d verses of Hymn 19 are being sung, hangs it beneath her flowers, and both return to their seats.)

HUMANITY :

And now comes blithesome Youth, her bright eyes gleaming

With health and happiness that bubble over,
And freshen all the scene where'er she goes.
Her presence makes the sun seem brighter beam-
ing,
Adds fragrance to the sweet breath of the clover,
And richness to the color of the rose.

YOUTH (coming forward with three bouquets of half-opened flowers :))

Of when I gather flowers as I roam
Through garden, and through wood,
And deem all fair and good,
And sweet enough to carry with me home,
I find myself engaged most eagerly
In search of such as may
Have been buds yesterday,
And which not yet have reached maturity.

Then, as I gather them, I feel arise
A wondrous sympathy
That makes them dear to me,
And fairer than all others in my eyes.
And, coming here to-day, I gladly bring
These partly opened flowers,
Witnesses of bright hours,
And place them here, — Youth's willing offering.

(She places her bouquets, in the second round of the ladder, and continues :)

They are, most truly, emblems of our youth;
And, as they open wide
In all their lovely pride,
So may our lives expand in love and truth.

SINGING : Hymn 138.

HUMANITY :

With buoyant step comes forward one, who meeting
Youth's eager glances sees her own reflected,
And finds a spirit kindred to her own;
A cheeriness is in her pleasant greeting
That might uplift a heart the most dejected,
And fill it with the music of its tone.

HOPE (holding a floral anchor, the same in size as Faith's cross :)

Bright be thy day, dear sister, and thy night
A peaceful passing on from light to light !

I heard thee hope that, as in lovely pride
The partly opened flowers open wide,
Thy life may open into love and truth.
Thou hadst the thought from me, dear sister Youth;
And sweeter far is that heartfelt desire
Than any other that I may inspire,
For in that thought I only spoke to thee,
As God himself was whispering to me.

Glad am I that his whispering I heard,
Glad that my thought thy heart so quickly stirred,
And drew thee close to the All-loving One.
Our journey onward now is well begun;
And, though my promises at times deceive,
Still listen to me, and my words believe;
For let what clouds that will be over thee,
I'll try a brighter day ahead to see,
And lift thee from the depths of darkest ill
To feel God's love abiding with thee still.
This emblem of my name I pray thee take,
To place among thy flowers, for my sake,
Who, until thou for heaven's courts are claimed,
Would have thee say, " Hope maketh not ashamed."

(She gives the anchor to Youth, and continues :)

In the bright noonday of thy happiness,
In the dark night of sorrow and distress,
In days when doubts confuse and fears dismay,
And when temptations meet thee by the way,
With all the fury of a tempest shock,
At all time, anchor by the Living Rock.

YOUTH (hanging the anchor beneath the flowers :)

Henceforth with me both Faith and Hope abide,—
 Faith, who in childhood taught me,
 Hope, whom this day hath brought me,—
 And these, through life, will comfort, help, and
 guide.

(Youth and Hope then return to their
 seats.)

SINGING: Hymn 92, 1st and 2d verses.

HUMANITY:

With upward look that tells of faith indwelling,
 With cheerful smile that speaks of hope unailing,
 With quiet mien, Maturity draws near,
 Her worthiness our deep respect compelling,
 Her gentleness upon our hearts prevailing,
 Her courage making us ashamed of fear.

MATURITY (holding three bouquets of full-
 blown flowers:)

I thought, in childhood, that all mysteries
 Would end when childhood and when youth were
 past:
 I find they only deepen and increase,
 And perfect knowledge hath not come at last.

All knowledge that I need is given me
 As freely as the life-sustaining air;
 What knowledge I shall need will surely be
 Bestowed by Him whose love is everywhere.

And so I murmur not because I find
 Some tangled skeins that baffle all my skill,
 In mysteries that I would fain unwind,—
 But wait, and work, and learn, with patience
 still.

God help me, what I know is right, to do:
 And, knowing how to do, I shall be wise;
 Who to such wisdom loyal is, and true,
 Day after day, from height to height shall rise.

I give to God my life's most perfect bloom,
 And, as a token, lay these flowers here,
 And ask him in my heart to have no room,
 No space, where weeds of evil may appear.

(She places her flowers on the third round
 of the ladder.)

SINGING: Hymn 162.

HUMANITY:

Firm and yet yielding, ruling and yet serving,
 God and the universe at once embracing,
 Love joins herself unto Maturity,
 Clinging to her with faithfulness unswerving,
 With her each danger and each sorrow facing,
 Growing but stronger in adversity.

LOVE (advancing toward Maturity, and hold-
 ing a floral heart:)

E'en as the buds have opened into flowers,
 Warmed by the sunshine, freshened by the showers,
 So hath thy soul expanded day by day,
 God watching o'er thy progress all the way.

And thou hast heard his spirit as it spake,
 Revealing to thee much, that for truth's sake
 Thy thought would find; yet thou hast been con-
 tent
 To leave some veils of mystery unrent.

'Tis well! There are some heights that all in vain
 Thy finite mind aspireth to attain,
 Some truths that God alone may know; and these,
 Till he reveals them, must be mysteries.

One mystery hath opened unto thee,
 The mystery of love,— my mystery!
 And so henceforth, till time and life are done,
 Thy spirit and my spirit are but one.

Take thou this emblem then of love divine,
 And place it with those offerings of thine;
 Remembering, with deep and tender awe,
 That "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

(She gives the heart to Maturity, who
 places it upon the ladder, and both retire.)

SINGING: Hymn 182.

HUMANITY:

And now behold the ladder is ascended
 By Childhood, Youth, Maturity, each guided
 By loving spirits from the realms above.
 God grant that we, until our course be ended,
 May ne'er resign these friends, by him provided,
 But ever cherish Faith and Hope and Love.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER XII.

TOPSHAM, December, 1868.

DEAR DECEMBER (I mean Madge), What in the world has become of Ping Wing? Has an Indian stolen her? There are many Indians in Maine, who weave baskets and steal chickens. If you know of a tent, get uncle to take you, and buy your doll back.

Mother says I imagine I could lend you Slater, because I know you wouldn't care for her. I wish you could see baby walking. For two days he stood by chairs; but to-day he walked straight into Biddy's arms. She gave such a scream that mother and I started from our work. Now we shall not have one easy moment, for fear baby should fall down stairs. Slater—but I will not talk of her this time. You want people to smile all the time; I don't see how they can help it. I believe I smile in my sleep. But, then, they have troubles, and forget Grandma's nice jangle, "If in trouble, you are troubled, you will have your trouble doubled." But then we have our troubles about dolls—there it is again—as mother says, children can't help talking about what they're thinking.

If it weren't for your *doll* friends,—there it is again!—your school would be dull. Madge, I have thought you a child of good fortune, because you have a father, and your mother is not obliged to work into the night with red cheeks; but now you have your troubles, Ping—there it is again, and your school not pleasant. And, then, I suppose, your not being so healthy, is a misfortune.

Slater is in the sulks. I've not told her of the mysterious disappearance of her cousin,

for fear she'd have a fit. It had a strange effect on Biddy. Perhaps she thought Indians would be after *her*. I'd try to think Ping Wing is in a palace, where they wear pearls and eat custards for breakfast. Perhaps she'll see as strange sights as "Alice in Wonderland." Isn't she in the coal bin? to come out a colored doll.

Lyddy Ashby provoked me, she was so full of her new silk gown, and wouldn't listen to a word about Ping Wing. Who cares for it? Mother says I was selfish in not caring about Lyddy's visit to Boston. Well, Biddy, who hasn't a gown to her back, but mine, is truly sorry for you.

I never mind rain; there's always enough to do. And as for snow—it is perfectly splendid. I hope it will snow thick and fast, but not in Hadley. I want to make a snow-man for the baby, to snow-ball, to coast, to slide, and skate.

Mother sends love, and is sorry for your loss. She says, "Begin to think and plan for Christmas Gifts." She will send you a nice soft ball for Ned. She knits mittens, when her eyes are tired with other work.

Biddy's eyes sparkled when I told her I'd write a note to you from her.

BIDDY'S NOTE.

Miss Madge (proper because she's a stranger to you).

"Now, what shall I say, Biddy?"

Biddy hangs her head on one side, and answers, "Tell her I'm sorry."

"What more?"

"That I'm very sorry."

"That's too much alike; you must think of something else."

"Perhaps Miss Ping Wing was rolled up."

"Rolled up!"

"My *collar* was rolled up in my skirt."

"Not your thanksgiving collar?"

Then Biddy was so ashamed she had to run out of the room. But Baby's note will make up to you for Biddy's running off.

BABY'S NOTE.

COUSIN MADGE, — Baby walks round the room, will soon trot down stairs, will soon march in the street. Your doll gone, buy a Jim Crow; when he's dirty, mother'll knit him over.

Biddy's nice. Biddy's my horse. Biddy takes me to market. Biddy's handsome. Her hair stands. I twitch her hair. Biddy's hands are nice and rough. Biddy has the tooth-ache; she makes faces and jumps; I laugh. Biddy's prettier than Slater, Lyddy, Lou, Jack, — all but Jim Crow.

When I'm big, I shall drum. Biddy will be my drummer. I shall be a soldier, with a sword and a gun. Biddy picked up feathers in the hen-house, stuck them round my hat, and called me "Prince Injun."

I want in my Christmas stocking a drum, row of soldiers, hard ball, snow-ball mittens, sled, and lots of candy.

BABY H.

Postscript. — DEAR MADGE, Mother says baby's note is not what it would be if he could write it himself. She says we *think* in words, and he thinks in very small ones, and knows but few. "Biddy" was his first; and we thought he would never stop; and laughed till we cried.

If you only manage to find Ping Wing, you'll not mind about the rain, and people being dull. I can't find "bushel-woman" in the dictionary; but isn't she one of those patched tattered women who fish in dry dirt barrels? Or, what do you think, is she "whang-doodle?" Try to think if Ping Wing isn't rolled up and packed away. Find her — and after that, as Grandma says, "After that, the deluge."

LOU H.

For The Dayspring.

"JACK IN THE PULPIT."

"JACK in the Pulpit," the little birds say,
Preached a discourse in the meadow to-day.
His theme was the lilies that grow in the field:
"They toil not nor spin, yet what fragrance they yield."

Solomon decked in his gorgeous array
Never was clothed in such beauty as they.
The tiniest sparrow, he said, could not fall
Without the good Father notices all,
Though *two* for a farthing are frequently sold;
God's love for his creatures can never be told.
Two small clover-blossoms, that scented the air,
Bowed their pink heads, as if kneeling for prayer;
A honey-bee, loaded with nectarine sweet,
And hieing away to his sylvan retreat,
Saw "Jack in the Pulpit" discoursing to-day,
Stopped humming, and listened to what he would say.

A pretty gold robin, fluttering near,
Hushed for a moment his music, to hear;
A large flock of blackbirds flew down from a tree,
And sang in the choir with chick-a-dee-dee.
A little black woodpecker came from the hill,
And beat time for the choir with wonderful skill.
A tiny gray squirrel was bounding the wall,
And rolled himself up like a little round ball,
Then, shutting one eyelid, pretended to sleep;
But the robins declared they saw squirrel peep.
A little dormouse, fast asleep in the sun,
Awoke just a moment before Jack was done,
In season to hear the good preacher declare
"God's wisdom and love was displayed every-where;

He sendeth his rain on the just and unjust,
And none need to fear if they only can *trust*."
The daisies and buttercups drank in his words,
And seemed to enjoy them as well as the birds.

The sun was just sinking away in the west,
When Jack buttoned slowly his little striped vest;
While deep silence reigned in the meadow and glen,
Jack solemnly murmured, "Amen and Amen!"

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.



THE CANARY.

MELLIE WARD is just as proud of that canary in the cage that hangs on the beech-tree back of his house as a boy can be of a bird or any thing else. This morning just as he was getting ready to wash his hands to go to school, along came David Prentiss, and he must stop to see the canary.

Mellie goes out bareheaded, and without any jacket; pulls out his knife and gathers some chick-weed that David may see the little bird eat. I do not see what he wants his knife for. Chick-weed is so tender, a little baby can break it off.

David wishes he had a canary; but he would not give up his chickens for one. He

has seven hens, and one of them has a brood of eleven chickens. Last month his hens laid one hundred and two eggs. When one of the hens staid on the nest because she wanted to set, he put thirteen eggs under her. All the eggs but one hatched out little chickens. The old hen got frightened one day and jumped back so quickly that she stepped on one little chicken and killed it.

Mellie was down after school yesterday to see David's chickens, and invited David to come this morning and see his canary.

The birds don't like very well to live in cages. There isn't room in them to fly. They can only hop about a little and flutter

their wings a little. They love to cut through the free air, and fly from tree to tree, and hop from twig to twig.

But I suppose the canaries have got used to cage-life, and make themselves very happy. Else they would not sing so cheerily and sweetly. Almost all of the canaries in this country were born in cages, and do not know what it is to live out in the great world.

These birds are natives of the Canary Islands. There such birds flit through the gay forests, and live under the bright sky. It is because they can be so easily tamed, and taught to sing so sweetly that they are the favorites for cages.

Mellie loves his canary and gets many a gay song from it. The bird has come to know his voice, and will sometimes light on his finger when he puts it through the wires of the cage.

But Mellie and David must hurry along to school now. Maybe sometimes, pleasant days, the schoolhouse seems like a cage to them. But let them work away with cheerful hearts, and be as happy as the canaries. By and by the doors will be open and they can rush out and be free. The more faithful they are in doing their work, the better they can enjoy their freedom.

For The Dayspring.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

"MINNIE! Minnie Grey. W-a-i-t for me, please, I'm going your way."

"You are going my way, are you? well, I should think so," and Minnie Grey sniffed her nose at the shabby frock and toeless boots of the little girl who had just come up, with tangled curls and glowing cheeks.

"Well; what have you to say now that I've *w-a-i-ted* for you?" mimicked the pert Minnie.

But still the little girl stood irresolute and was bashfully twirling a well-worn pasteboard sunbonnet in her hand, and feeling so mortified to think that a sudden impulse had impelled her to call out to this Minnie Grey that she didn't know what she should do with herself, unless the ground would open and take her in out of the sight of this proud little Miss. But the ground didn't know any thing about her thoughts, so there she stood.

"Speak, speak, if you're going to. I can't stand here waiting all day."

At this rude speech Myra Underhill opened her lips and faltered out:

"Mayn't I see your Reader? Mr. Spicer says I may commence school Monday, and I thought I'd like to see some of the books."

"And do you suppose you'll read in my class? No, you won't have my Reader. Humph! a poor-house brat coming to our school!" and away swept Miss Pert as angry as an injured wasp.

But she did go to school on Monday, and lo! she read in Miss Pert's class! She was with her in Arithmetic, Grammar and Geography too, and could spell almost every word in the Juvenile Speller. The scholars were astonished at her proficiency. A girl from the poor-house too! They secretly wondered where she learned so much.

She was timid, shabbily dressed, and dared not go to them and tell them that her mother had been dead but a few months; that her father had been lost at sea when she was a wee baby and that her mamma had sewed for the bread they had both eaten, and the clothes they had worn, till a few months before she died. She couldn't tell them how she had recited to this dear mother day after day and was far in advance of the other children of her age, by reason of that mother's faithfulness.

Nor could she ever bear to tell any one of that long, long night that she had sat alone and wiped the blood from her mother's dying lips, and towards morn had closed her dead eyes with her own little childish hand. Nor of the funeral that followed: the hasty packing of her mother's and her all, in an old sea-chest of her dead father's, and the mournful ride she had taken to the poor-house; nor could she tell them how lonely she was there with only old bedridden women and crippled men.

They were not so very bad, but like all children were thoughtless and did not think of the pain they were giving her, so they left her standing by herself all the recess while they played merry games. They walked away from her as they went home at night and looked sideways at her faded calico and worn boots.

When she made recitations that were far better than theirs, they slyly made faces at her from behind their books. They told tales of her and said she spilt ink, when it was *Jemmy Anderson* who sat behind her.

Minnie Grey stood at the head when the spelling class went to the seats on Thursday afternoon and Myra stood the seventh from her. If Minnie could stand till Friday night she would have "ten extras;" and every scholar worked hard for the *extras*.

But on Friday afternoon Minnie spent a long time in drawing pictures of Myra;—sometimes with her sunbonnet on, sometimes with it off, and sometimes barefoot, and sometimes in other ways; and each time she held the picture up for Myra to see, till the latter was in tears and her heart ready to break, because the scholars all laughed so at them.

You see, Minnie's father was rich and she had never known want, so she didn't know how to pity. She had a great many nice things which she was wont to share with the

girls, and this fact alone made her a favorite among them. On this particular Friday the spelling class was called. All went well until the word "*Myrmidon*" came to Minnie Grey. She missed; so did the next; and the next, and so on till it came to the seventh,—Myra Underhill,—who spelled it and marched to the head. Minnie Grey was ashamed and angry, and shame and anger in a little girl's heart make a bad mixture.

She looked down on Myra's shabby clothes and smiled scornfully, and then she spied some ink and pencil marks, that she had made on Myra's hand that very afternoon. She had held her hand and tried to mark the word *PAUPER* on it, but Myra had pulled it away and burst into tears. She saw this now and pointed at it wickedly. Myra tried to rub it off lest the teacher should think her untidy, and had nearly done so, when Minnie held up her hand.

"What is it, Minnie?" asked the teacher.

"Ought a scholar to go above, if they have the word written on the back of the hand?"

"Why, no indeed," answered the astonished teacher, "and I trust I have no scholar so dishonest."

"Please look at Myra Underhill's right hand," said Minnie, in an injured tone.

The teacher looked. Sure enough; there were marks of letters still on her hand; though they were not plain enough to be read, and Myra began to tremble and turn very pale. Her guilt appeared plain; beside, she still stood rubbing the marks.

The teacher was grieved. She had never thought Myra could be guilty of such deception. The tears sprang to her eyes and her voice trembled as she said:

"Myra, go to the foot of the class. I can hardly believe it."

"Won't she have to lose some of her merits?" asked another.

"Silence! this is a serious matter, and I can make no decision till I have had time for thought and prayer. To-morrow morning we will have it settled, Myra. The class is excused," and the teacher shut the speller very sorrowfully, for she had already learned to love the new scholar; but Myra was violently crying and looked so much like a guilty girl, that no one even questioned her guilt.

Besides, the pink-lipped Minnie had asked her questions so fairly, who could suspect her of lying to keep her place above "the poor-house girl?"

The school was dismissed and Myra went sobbing home. She felt alone and entirely forsaken, and kneeling in the woods she begged her dead mother to come and take her to heaven, "for they never will believe me against rich Minnie Grey," moaned she.

She lay upon the damp turf till after sunset and must have taken a severe cold; for the next morning, old Dr. Hodge was called in great haste, and then word came to the schoolhouse that Myra Underhill was sick at the poor-house of *cerebro spinal meningitis*. The name frightened some; but the report that came to them at noon frightened them more.

She grew worse very fast, and when the teacher prayed in school the next Monday morning that the lie of Friday afternoon might be forgiven her, Minnie Grey groaned aloud and started up to confess all, but something evil in her whispered:

"If she dies no one will ever know it," and she sat down again.

But at recess Dr. Hodge passing by called out to them not to scream so loudly when they went home, for she was *very, very* sick, and he feared would never come among them any more, and he sat in his gig and told them the story of her past life, and said, as he gathered up his reins:

"I shall be sorry to lose her, for she is a sweet little girl."

Then he dropped his reins again, and said with a sob in his voice, "You've none of you done wrong by her, have you? For she keeps talking of the school and ragged clothes, and pencil marks and is continually spelling the word 'Myrmidon' and then cries about pencil marks. If there's any thing in it, I wish I could settle it, and so get her mind easy, and she might get quiet, — there's the only hope for her, I fear."

"If that could be settled, could she be got well again?" sobbed out Minnie Grey.

"Well, it's generally the case if a patient can be set to rest on the subject that worries her, she'll fall off to sleep, maybe; and I'd give the worth of half my medicines here for her to get a quiet sleep of a few hours. What makes you cry so, Minnie? So you loved her too? Well, so did I and no mistake, and I was going to see the select men and get her for my own, the very night she sickened. Wife fancies her and so do I" —

"I didn't love her, and I've been *very, very wicked*," screamed Minnie, and the next thing she was up in the gig and had told the Doctor the whole story; and she was soon at the bed soothing Myra with loving words. By and by Myra fell quietly asleep, and holding fast to Minnie's hand, she slept till late at night. The next day the good old doctor cried and laughed to find her so much better.

It was hard, but Minnie made a clean confession before the whole school the next morning, and instead of despising her, as she had feared, they all loved her better for her honesty.

She is kinder and less haughty to all around her, and instead of loving her for her presents, they love her for herself now.

Myra gained rapidly. All the girls asked her forgiveness again and again, and brought her many presents.



JOSIE AND HER CAT.

It will never do to call so big a cat a kitty. Our little readers will laugh. Josie called him Tommy, and her brother Sam called him Old Tom. Puss didn't care. They were both pet names. He came just as quickly when called by one as by the other.

What makes you open your eyes so wide? Because I said "Old Tom" was a pet name? Well, Sam meant it for a pet name. He was a real good, jolly fellow, and was just as fond of Tom as Josie was. He said it just like a pet name, and Tom took it as a pet name.

If he had said, in a cross or rough tone, "S'cat, you Old Tom!" it would not have been a pet name, and Tom would not have liked it, and would have cleared very quickly. But Sam always said, in a coaxing way, "Come here, you Old Tom," or "Good Old Tom," or "Smart Old Tom," and Tom would jump right up into his arms.

Josie took good care of Tom. He never had to go without his breakfast, his dinner, or his supper. He lived almost too well. It made him lazy sometimes to drink so much milk and eat so much meat as Josie gave him. He would lie down, and take ever so long a nap.

Tom was a good cat, as you will

see from this story. One day the cook left a dish of milk on the hearth. Tom went to it, and was just going to put out his tongue for a lap, when cook said, "Tom!" He looked ashamed, and went right away, and did not go near it again.

By and by, Josie came in. Tom went up to her and rubbed against her, and almost asked her for some milk. Josie saw the milk, and knew that Tom had not touched it. So she turned some into Tom's dish, and he ate it with good relish.

It is proper to pay cats and dogs for doing right, with something to eat; but little girls and boys don't want such pay. They do right, because they have *reason*; not for sips of milk and goodies to eat.

HENRY LEE.

SCHOOL vacations are now beginning, and city boys and girls are getting out into the country, and all the young folks are looking for a good time. And a good time they will have. They will come back in the autumn, their faces bronzed up, and will look like young farmers or sailors. They will be so strong and tough when they get into school again, that lessons will not be any thing to them.

Dr. Bellows, of New York, was at Rev. Mr. Hale's Sunday school in Boston this summer when that school had its closing exercises; and what do you think he told the boys? He told the boys and girls a great many good things, but this one thing was, that the boys must not, when they get out into the

country, eat green apples and make themselves sick. Now the boys of that Sunday school are all safe.

But just look at Henry Lee. He went off into the country last summer with his mother, without any such advice. The first days he was in the orchard, in the fields and woods, eating any thing he could get hold of. Then he didn't go out for a week; Dr. Gettimwell had to come and see him four times, and his mother had to stay with him, and take care of him, and sometimes read stories to him. He didn't enjoy that week at all.

There is the picture of him when he was getting better. His mother is telling him what the trouble was and charging him to be careful in future. He says "all right, mother! You needn't be afraid. You'll not catch me making such a fool of myself again!"

Henry learned his lesson from experience. Experience is a very hard school-master they say. When he undertakes to make you learn a lesson, he makes you feel it all over, and works it into you so thoroughly that you never forget it. It is good to learn lessons of good from experience. But it is just as well to take the advice of others in regard to bad things, and not have to find out from experience how bad they are.

A RHYMED LETTER TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

FROM AN ABSENT PASTOR.

THROUGH memory's magic spy-glass, crystal-clear,
I see you all this moment, children dear,
As you, to-day, in Sunday school appear,
And fly to meet you;
And, in my rhyming way, with love sincere,
Again I greet you.

Since last we parted, gloomy clouds have scowled,
And white wild snow-drifts whirled, and gruff
winds growled,

And biting blasts, like hungry wolves, have prowled
For leagues between us;
But happy homes were ours, from storms that
howled

Safely to screen us.

Yet now and then, a brighter day, I know,
With spring-like sparkle, yea, with summer glow,
Even on the old expanse of wintry snow

Cheerly has risen,

Making the ice-clad trees — oh, heavenly show! —
Like jewels glisten.

Ah, yes, His heaven, from whose benignant smile
Nothing but disobedience can exile,
Where'er our feet may wander, all the while

Still travels near us,

In crowded city and on lonely isle
Alike to cheer us.

Now, praise to God, the wintry storms are past,
And softer airs succeed the icy blast,
And the rear guard of the storm-king is fast
Northward retreating;

And spring pours forth from thousand throats at
last

Melodious greeting.

With song of birds and brooks, and smile of flowers,
With sparkling skies and streams in morning hours,
With buds and blossoms in the fresh green bowers,

And Hope's blue o'er us,

And drops from warm spring clouds in genial
showers,

Swelling the chorus.

Shall not our hearts, like living fountains, spring,
And in the sunlight grateful spray-clouds fling
Of joy-sparks, with melodious murmuring

Of pious praises,

To join the hymn which to the Heavenly King
All nature raises?

C. T. B.

BE YE PERFECT.

HE who creates only what is beautiful or
useful, who does only what is kind and help-
ful, who speaks only what is true and tender,
who thinks only what is pure and lovely: he,
and he only, fulfils the command, "Be ye
also perfect, even as your Father in Heaven
is perfect."

M. L. B.

THE FIRST COMMAND.

MANY artificial flowers are of such rare beauty, and are so skilfully made that it is only when we seek for their perfume that we can distinguish them from the real flowers which they are intended to imitate. They are like those kind deeds and generous acts which do not spring from love to God, in the heart. Jesus said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," but we must remember that this is only the second commandment; the first being, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength," and that he only can keep the second who is already in exercise of the first.

M. L. B.

A FAILURE in a good cause is better than a triumph in a bad one.

THE weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.

Madame De Staël.

TRY every day to do some act of kindness.

AN Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered, "The starry heavens above our head, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

Puzzles.

14.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A POET AND A PREACHER, AMERICAN.

My works are wrought by other hands than mine;
The earth shall yield me, saith the word divine;
My long, mad laugh no mortal understands;
A useful class in ships on India's strands;
A dangerous weapon for weak hands to try;
A female martyr, — one who stands awry;

What is its use? the wise man asked of old;
Among the painters a high rank they hold;
To fops and wounded people oft applied;
A novelist of talent, rank, and pride;
A dangerous thing for him who has not much;
A moral poison, 'tis not safe to touch;
A wealthy magnate of the Orient lands;
A visitor who small respect commands;
You call me when you have me in your hand;
A jolly thing by jolly fellows manned;
Much of it to no purpose oft is made;
I never shall be old though all things fade;
The Jew that hates me not's a renegade.

O. T. B.

15.

Behead a word which asks a question, and you have a possible answer.

16

SQUARE WORD.

1. — Happy.
2. — Learning.
3. — Members of the human body.
4. — An article of school furniture.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

12. — The first line of this should have been printed "A lonely island" &c.

1. — M on A.
2. — O lympi A.
3. — S pu R.
4. — E ch O.
5. — S pi N.

13. — 1. Pan; 2. A; 3. Ma. — Panama.

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